

“And I need to write this letter”

The sun is shining warmer and brighter today. Rolling in her warm bed, she doesn't even want to move. It's too early to wake up. “It's a holiday! I can sleep ten minutes more,” she murmurs when her sister makes her wake up, screaming that they are late: “WE WILL NOT MANAGE TO BUY THE FLOWERS!”

- “I don't have money for flowers,” - she says by putting her right leg on the floor and stretching her hands like a newborn.
- “Then, ask dad. We need to buy flowers. Amot a!” - yells her sister.

Barely, barely putting her clothes on, she hurries to ask 1000 drams from her dad to buy four gillyflowers. Yes, florists boost their incomes on this day. “Maybe, Flowers should be expensive to carry more importance?” she thought to herself.

She holds two gillyflowers, one with an already broken stem; she loves playing with it and, it gives up and breaks easily. It is so fragile! Hundreds of people, hundreds of gillyflowers, happy florists, and yet not all the people have a purpose or reason for marching to the Atazatamartikner Memorial.

Hundreds of long stairs until the end of the road. Almost there! Soon, she will lay the flowers and go back to her bed – it is a holiday! It's a triple holiday — May 8th when Shushi was liberated, when we pushed the enemy away. They seem far away; we can't see them; they can't do anything to us. We are liberated!

Such an important mission she completed, so she wants to relax. While sitting on an old uncolored and neglected bench, she sees a piece of paper on it. It seems like someone put it there on purpose, or it fell out of the sky so she could see it.

- For me? It says from future to past! From Lida? From me? Wha-t is...this?

Thinking her friends are making a prank, she does not want to open the letter. She stares, stares, something holds her back from reading it. Her inner voice wants to shout and say that her life will change. That after a year, something will change. Something will not be the same. Three will become less. Should she read it?

“And I need to write this letter,

I need to write and tell you. My heart wants to jump out of my chest. It can't hold the 44 days of silence, struggle, mourning, and desire to go back to the days when I would wake up in the morning from an annoying alarm with thoughts about what I would wear that day. When my only concern would be to get an “A” in school, or I would worry about finding a good filter for my photo, and a good caption for it. When Narek The Chatterbox's endless talk would seem annoying. When Arthur, who never stops teasing me, would continue his stupid jokes. When Armen hopar would come to our house for some tea, and my mom's only concern would be to find the best muraba and put it on the table. When David, would be there, just there, sitting in the corner of our classroom; he treasures his words, and it is hard to pull any of them out. When Meri would post about her date, the balloons that her boyfriend gave her, and my only concern would be writing a good wish and comment under her post. When...learning a looong topic from our history classes and managing to memorize the dates would be my only concern. When ... May 8th would not be a holiday to go out with friends and make the florists happy by buying flowers with the double price...but a day to remember, a day to appreciate all the lives that were taken, all the dreams that were robbed and left unfinished, a day to...

Tell Narek that he should continue his endless talking.

Tell Arthur not to be serious anymore. Praise his stupid jokes! It's hard to see him wandering around, staying silent, breathing hard, and locking everything inside.

Tell Armen hopar how proud we are and that he should not refuse to eat mom's muraba.

Tell Meri that love never dies and she should never give up her hope.

Tell David to speak more! Tell him how proud we are to have such a classmate! Tell him that we are still waiting for him.

Tell myself that the history is not about the date. It's about who we talk to, study, and live with. It's about endless persistence and love towards hayreniq, the hayreniq that can be built and ruined by the same people.

Tell myself that I have to study smarter and harder. Dream bigger and do more!

Tell myself that every moment spent with my loved ones is an instant that can be stolen, ruined, but appreciated and loved.

Say that what we do today will take us forward or backward, to the past or future; we should choose the direction.

From future to the past,

Lida"

She was shocked as someone getting a slap for not doing anything wrong. As someone who gets watered from the back with cold water. Sweat, heartbeat, hard to breathe. It's an illusion! Everything is fine. We are liberated! They are so far.

It's raining and the sun seems colder today. Cuddling in her warm bed, she doesn't even want to move. It's too early to wake up, "It's Sunday! I can sleep ten minutes more," she murmurs when her sister makes her wake up, screaming that they are late: "THE WAR HAS STARTED!"

Explanation of the Armenian words:

Hayreniq/հայրենիք – homeland

Muraba/մութաբա – jam

Hopar/հոպար – uncle

Amot a!/ամո՛ն՞թ ա – It's such a shame!